

Where Politeness Passes

LINGERS ON THE STAGES: LOST ON THE PAY AS YOU ENTER.

Whoever named the cars where you enter the platform the "Pay As You Enter" cars showed a photographic vocabulary but little imagination. They have been named so many other times and so much more successfully that you wonder why the first christening could have stuck. For example, the "Free As You Enter," "Curse As You Enter," "Fall As You Enter," would seem to be infinitely more characteristic.

Whatever the name, there is no doubt that on the rear platform of the vehicles where narrow alleyways force avoidance

people were not carried to and from merely for the pleasure of their society again searched and again brought forth a coin, this time a nickel, which, ignoring the dime eater, she proffered to the conductor.

He not having noticed what special variety of coin she had secured pointed to the slit and mentioned the fare in connection therewith. It was apparently the first moment that such a connection had occurred to her. She looked in embarrassment at the stage to see if any one had noticed her preliminary



ADVANTAGE OF THE HAREM SKIRT.

that took place, but an old gentleman told his experiences of embarrassment in the old time coaches where you dropped your coin into a sort of box and had to get your change in an envelope, a complicated arrangement which was productive of infinite explanations on the part of the sophisticated ones and of a general good fellowship all around.

But when the conductor finally helped the suburban traveller to the sidewalk he allowed that since his conductorship began, he and the dime eater arriving on the scene of action at one and the same moment, he had spent a good part of his time explaining that contraption and that she was in good company, she was.

The suburbanite departed visibly relieved. At a 5 o'clock tea recently a young woman told of travelling on one of the Fifth Avenue stages, starting at Washington Square South. Five women were picked up as it howled along and to each the conductor was as usual a Chesterfield in manner and speech.

When the sixth entered she attempted to put the dime in the eater's mouth, but mistaking its mission it slipped through her fingers and was lost in the floor covering.

The conductor was for the moment busy on the roof explaining to a rural visitor that there was considerable distance between Washington Arch and Grant's Tomb.

She looked about the stage and said sweetly, oh, very sweetly:

"Will some lady here who hasn't on expensive corsets get my money for me?"

Four of the five moved forward automatically. The fifth gazed stonily ahead. Four hands met on the floor and scratched. One succeeded in getting the coin and handed it with a look of unconcealed admiration at its loser.

"Thank you so much," said the owner. "I simply could not lean over."

The conductor had arrived at the beginning of the episode, but looked away hastily at the mention of corsets.

One might go on indefinitely refuting the out of town statements regarding our lack of civility if it were not that the pay-

as-you-enter cars invite the truth. For "here one person uses the Fifth Avenue stage as a means of locomotion a hundred employ the pay-as-you-enter."

Perhaps one of the most striking and interesting facts in connection therewith is that the majority of men who attempt to enter have in nine cases out of ten somewhere about them the ever desirable nickel. All a man has to do, apparently, is to search in four overcoat pockets, inside and out, two trouser, two waistcoat, and there you are. This, as every one knows, does not take long, and even if there are five or six people right behind him the interval spent is hardly worth noting.

On the contrary, if a woman happens to have one nickel in her vanity bag she is pretty sure to stop in a nearby drug store and get some soda water, then she boards the car and finds that she has nothing less than a two dollar bill.

She does not of course find that out immediately. Any knowledge that is worth while must be won only by travail and time.

She is quite sure that she had a nickel

pany with two dimes, so of course she had the nickel, and if she had it where is it? The soda water has escaped her memory.

The conductor is not of the Chesterfieldian school.

He turns his head inside the car, shrieks "Move up front!" to the nickel lady says "Get a move on yer; don't keep everybody waiting" and to the line, some of it on, some getting on and some tagging along, shrieks "Step lively now." Naturally the incomer looks annoyed.

Having secured her change, consisting of one dollar in quarters, one dime, fourteen nickels and twenty cents, which she stops to count, making three mistakes and beginning all over again, she walks right in with her head very high in the air. It is very strange, she seems to say, that a lady must be insulted because she has made a trivial blunder. She sits down on the only vacant space between two slighter women and goes 'way back so that they are thrust forward by the pressure, turn and glare.

Then the conductor yells in to her to come back and put her nickel in and she has to get up, to the visible enjoyment of



"I HAVE MY PRIVATE CHARITIES."

and takes the conductor into her confidence on the subject; she may even, if she is the expansive sort of femininity, explain how she knows that she had it.

It is in all probability because, when she got her package and change at the department store, she called the attention of the girl to the fact that one quarter did not ring true and the girl said it back, this special nickel coming to her in com-

her neighbors, who spread out and prevent her return.

On one of the East Side cars a young mother having a baby in her arms and a child of 3 or 4 by the hand, held up five or six passengers, or rather would-be passengers, for a moment's parley.

"Take the baby," she ordered the conductor.

"We ain't allowed to hold 'em, ma'am."



A FELLOW FEELING.

"Take the baby," she reiterated, her lips closing tight and her eyes having a certain forcefulness.

The conductor held the baby while she extracted the money from the knotted end of a soiled kerchief inside her apron pocket.

A long waiting queue of people were kept at bay one afternoon not long ago by a conductor of a pay-as-you-enter who put out a compelling arm saying:

"Let 'em off first. Let 'em off."

'Em would have got off quicker probably if it had not been that a young woman in a smart skirt lacking only the encircling rim about the ankle to make it complete in fashion hesitated on the edge of the step. The conductor, strange as it may seem, was impatient.

"Put yer feet together and jump," he commanded, "that's the way the rest of 'em do."

Having followed his directions and the waiting queue having been admitted, he coughed another terse remark on the situation.

"Them's the kind that wants the vote."



FALL-AS-YOU-ENTER CARS.

Folks Gaze at the Harem Skirt With Awe or Frank Dislike

They were two good, comfortable souls as ever were, and they had started out that morning with the firm determination to have the best possible time. They were going to see everything worth seeing and learn all that there was to be learned without paying too much for it.

Their limit was a certain number of nickels for carfare. They were plainly but nicely dressed in serviceable clothes about two years out of date, but they had an air of perfect satisfaction with themselves.

At the same time with true breadth of soul they were ardently interested in the latest freaks of fashion. One of them had evidently been there before and she generously did the honors.

"The new spring styles," said she, pointing toward the crowd of spectators. "They've got 'em parading round on live girls. I've seen 'em. I don't care so much about looking again. You just squeeze in here. Awful crowd, ain't it? But I guess you can take a peek right through here. Shame for folks to wear such awful big hats. Peek right in here. Can you see a thing?"

"Oh, yes," answered her friend. "I can see quite well. My, but that's a pretty dress and ain't that a handsome—Merry!" with a gasp and turning round with startled eyes to the other woman she shielded her mouth with her hand and whispered, "Trousers!"

All around the enclosure where living models displayed the latest imported gowns folks were packed deep, and they were not all feminine either. At least one-quarter of them belonged to the sterner sex, all as earnestly interested as the women.

A thin, determined little woman who looked as though she might be a writer dragged a tired half grown boy into the crowd after her and tried her best to catch a glimpse of the show.

"Oh, mother!" said the suffering boy. "We're not going to get into that jam, are we?"

"Yes we are," said the author of "The Tragedy of the Soul" with snapping eyes. "We're going to stand right here and seize the first chance to squeeze our way in."

"But what do you care about seeing

those dolls walking round?" whined the boy.

She looked at him with boundless impatience. "Hush, child, they've got trousersed skirts on and I've got to see how they're made."

It may be said here that the harem skirted lady is frequently asked by the spectators to explain the mechanism of her trousers and has to stoop down and demonstrate that they really are all they purport to be.

One stout old lady with a very full skirt on a black jacket with much spring to the hips and a bonnet with strings stood with placidly folded hands fixing a comfortable and satisfied look on the trousered model.

"Why, Aunt Charlotte," said the young woman who was with her, "you look as though you admired them! I thought you'd be dreadfully shocked."

"Well, you know, dear," answered the nice old lady, "they took me to see that barelegged dancer the other day, and somehow trousers look kind of good to me. I seem to sort of like 'em."

At most of the importers' openings

the trousered skirt is but slightly touched upon, and that in the most conservative manner. The attitude of the out of town dressmaker toward it is distinctly antagonistic.

She gravely distrusts it, and besides she is a good soul, with much more conscience than a city dressmaker has about what she puts on her customers. She has known most of them all her life and has a kindly feeling for them.

"What's the sense of the thing anyway?" she asks of the importer. "It's hideous, and I can see no reason for it at all."

He answers her thus: "Why, the reason for it is this. When this strap comes around from the back, so—and buttons on the front with two tabs, so—you have the most modest skirt ever invented."

The wind cannot move it and in getting into a car or carriage the ankles do not show at all. Consider some of the latest fashions, just thirty inches round. A lady could not step in that unless it was slashed at the side, and there you have the genesis of the trousered skirt."

"Ah, yes," signed the out of town dress-

maker. "That sounds very clever, but just think of Mrs. Jubb in one; and she'll be sure to want it. You don't know Mrs. Jubb, do you? Well, I have visions of her in a trousered skirt and I don't like them. No, I said from the beginning that I was never, never going to touch them and I mean to stick to it. They are hideous things without rhyme or reason. Now that's a very nice gown over there. Smart but conservative and such good, long lines. That's the sort of thing I like to do for my customers."

"Certainly that's a good gown," said the importer with a wrinkle in his eye, "and very chic, but, my dear lady, is it possible that you don't know that it is trousersed? See, the skirt is slashed up to the knee and here are the pantaloons that go with it." The gown in question was a very simple affair of black and white striped wool trimmed with braid and the accompanying bifurcated garments were well, they looked considerably like great-grandmother's pantalettes and were made of white linen, each leg being finished with an elaborate sort of garter arrangement of black velvet.

For instance one is entirely of soft old pink with a wide figured border of pale green touched up with pink, the reverse side being of pale green with a pink border touched up with green. Precisely the same colors are combined in a Dune, which has a central and wide border done in a floral and scroll design.

Although the colors in these manufactures are not confined to two tones, two toned designs are considered the most desirable in all grades, and the plainer the designs the more popular they are. One of the best is a perfectly plain center with a perfectly plain twelve inch border, the center two or three shades lighter than the border. Delft and darker blue, mignonette and foliage green, crimson and brick red, brown and ecru are often seen. Blues in various combinations lead, the center as a rule plain blue with a white border trimmed with a scroll running through the middle or with a paler blue border similarly decorated with darker blue or with blue and white.

Rugs of body Brussels and of Wilton are also included in the summer rug assortment, the former in particular because its closely woven flat surface is liked by many householders for country use. It is a better sort of shelter than the Wilton, a dealer said, although the lighter weight, domestic woven Wilton rugs have practically the same rival in drawing and in country houses which for economical reasons stop short of Oriental floor coverings.

These rugs intended for summer use are quite different from those exhibited in the fall, both in drawing and in color. One which was seized upon by a woman who said it looked exactly like the country had a pale gray ground covered with an eight inch lattice formed of a two inch vine of green leaves and small pink and violet blossoms more violet than pink. The border was a tangle of the same leaves and flowers.

The same idea is carried out in the body Brussels rugs, rugs even in the joined varieties, so called to distinguish them from the woven ones, but sold at higher prices. Very light ecru, cream, pink, lilac and dull blue are preferred colors irrespective of the design. In fact this is a season of blues and lilacs so far as floor coverings are concerned.

The Algerian rugs made of a kind of rope give prominence to large designs and gay colors offset with black shadings. The ground color in the best designs matches some one of the various kinds of willow and cane furniture used for piazzas—brown, straw color, ecru, canvas or linen—green, brown, red, etc.

In buying a piazza rug, the retailer said, one should be careful to have the back-ground agree with the porch furniture, let the decorations be what they will,



THE OLD LADY WAS GLAD TO SEE TROUSERS.



THE OUT OF TOWN DRESSMAKER HAS VISIONS.



TRYING TO SEE A HAREM SKIRT.

Twenty Hours of Billiards. Three Men, All Over 60, Make Time Record With the Ivory Balls.

What is probably a record game of billiards was played in a hotel billiard room up town this week, and incidentally the theory that billiards is a nerve weary-

ing game was pretty effectually dispelled.

At 10 A. M. three men, all of them older than 60 and one more than 70, took down their cues and had a table put on. They are all experts and play nothing but three cushions.

At 1 o'clock they ordered luncheon brought in and ate it between shots.

few hangerson who stayed to see the

At 4 o'clock dinner was ordered and served on a side table, where it too was eaten between runs.

At midnight another meal was served, and still there was no sign of the players tiring.

At 2 o'clock all the other tables were dark and the room deserted but for a

old boys punch the balls.

At 4 o'clock no one remained but the three players and one attendant. Steadily the game went on. Not a player blinked an eye or yawned and the shots were drawn as fine and were as well played as when the remarkable contest began; in fact two of the players showed decided improvement in form.

At 6 o'clock the players wanted to go

on and make it a twenty-four hour game, but the attendant insisted that his time was up, that he was exhausted, that his wife would be sending the police after him and that no money would induce him to stay.

So the check for twenty hours of billiards and the food was figured up at \$30 and the dark lamp switch ended a great billiard session.